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NAAMAN'S LEPROSY,

From II. KINGS, Vth Chapter,

A

SACRED DRAMA,

AFTER THE MANNER OF

The Rev. Mr. Gambold, Miss H. More, &c.

J. C.



“I will assert eternal Providence,
“And justify the Ways of God to Man!”
Par. Lof.

LEEDS:

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To the PUBLIC.

THIS Work cannot better recommend itself to public patronage, than from the many cordial expressions of approbation with which it has been favoured by persons of respectability.

It is the production of a young person, whose talents are promising in poetic composition.—The piece is calculated to elucidate the scriptural account of NAAMAN in a pleasing manner; and will be found instructive, as well as entertaining.

“ That useful Author has obtain’d his end,

“ Whose writings both to please and profit-tend.”

It may be proper to intimate, that the following Drama was not written with an intent of publishing, but only to favor a numerous acquaintance with the perusal of it in manuscript; but as soon as it was read, the desire became universal for the public to be gratified with it in print: The Editor having gained permission to put it in the press, presents it to the public, with his best of wishes, that it may happily tend to illustrate the Sacred Volume of Divine Truth, and cause many to search the Scriptures, who hitherto have lived in the total neglect thereof.

No volumes equally deserve our attentive perusal, as the inspired Oracles of God.—By regarding these men live, and in following them is the life of the soul. They are the inestimable Testament of God; the blessed means of all true and spiritual wisdom; and one of the most valuable talents committed to us.

Should this Work meet with the encouragement it merits, the Author has written
another

another Drama, on the pleasing subject of
JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN,
 the publishing of which will greatly depend
 on the sale of this.

It is presumed, that many parents and
 teachers of youth will gladly embrace an
 opportunity of furnishing their rising generation
 with this Drama, as it will naturally excite an
 early love to the Scriptures, and give them a
 turn for poetic elegance, without contaminating
 their morals.

Your's, &c.

The EDITOR.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

NAAMAN, the Syrian General.

NAAMAN's SERVANT.

The KING of SYRIA.

The KING of ISRAEL.

The King of Israel's COURTIER.

MESSENGER.

ELISHA, the Prophet.

GEHAZI, Elisha's Servant.

NAAMAN's WIFE.

The CAPTIVE MAID.

NAAMAN's LEPROSY.

PART I.



An Apartment in Naaman's House.

Enter NAAMAN's WIFE and the LITTLE CAPTIVE
MAID, with a Train of SERVANTS.

NAAMAN's WIFE.

IT cannot be ;

Yet the words strike me with unusual force :

Didst not thou say, that in Samaria,

[Turning to the Little Maid.

There dwells an holy man, whose pow'r to heal
Had even been extended to the dead ;

And that if Naaman, Syria's valiant chief,

Who at this moment bears the loathsome film

Of a rank leprosy, were only there,

The Prophet's voice, spoke with a God-like
pow'r,

Would drive the scabious matter from his cheeks,

And thro' his veins diffuse the glow of health.

CAPTIVE

CAPTIVE MAID.

I did—and still with confidence affirm,
 The Prophet's pow'r and willingness are such,
 He only has before him to appear,
 (His sad appearance will declare his wants)
 Ere he shall know some simple antidote,
 Which to his sickly frame shall give new life.
 Nor need hath he to spread the paltry bribe,
 To spur the good man to perform the deed;
 His heav'n-taught soul disdains the venal dust,
 And claims a brighter gem—A conscious sense
 Of acting in the sphere which God ordain'd
 That he should move—with probity.

NAAMAN's WIFE.

'Tis strange;
 But still I feel a something speak within,
 'Tis true.—Go then to my beloved Lord,
 [To one of the Servants.
 And tell him all which thou hast heard her say,
 Backing the words with a persuasive force,
 Which cannot fail to have their due effect,
 If felt with the same striking energy
 Now moving in my breast.

Another

Another Apartment in Naaman's House.

NAAMAN

Supposed to be making the following Soliloquy.

Why was I born?

Perish the day ; let darkness black as death,
 In horrors cloud the hour unfortunate,
 In which the fawning gossips wheed'ling told
 My mother, Lo ! thine offspring is a son.
 Of what avails me all my Prince's smiles ;
 Honor, with wealth, are but a cumb'rous load,
 Since I must groan beneath the nauseous film
 Of this dire leprosy.—Riches clog me ;
 For they my cure to purchase serve me nought,
 While honor's proud emblazon'd ensigns shine
 With dimed majesty, rested upon
 The baseless standard of corroding woes.
 Then come thou bane of ev'ry human joy,
 Rank'ling Despair, with all thy horrors drest,
 And wrap me in the frozen arms of death,
 Since I must e'er to pleasure bid adieu.
 Yet, see yonder a faithful servant comes,
 Joy sparkles in his eyes ; what can it mean ?
 He was not wont, with such a placid look,
 To come before me.

Enter

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Hail, happy master ;
And still more happy I, to breathe the sound
Which hope proclaims to mine afflicted Lord,
Of health, of vigour, and of happiness.

NAAMAN.

Speak, servant, speak ; methinks thy very looks
Some good portends. Where is the blessing—
Health ;
Or how shall I the heav'nly comfort find,
Which thus elates thy sympathizing soul,
For nought besides to me is worth a thought.

SERVANT.

My Lord, the Syrian bands in companies,
While pillaging Israel's neighbouring coasts,
Captive from thence they brought a little Maid,
Who on thy noble Consort now attends :
She in a rapture cry'd, " I would to God,
" My Lord were in Samaria ; for there
" A Prophet dwells would heal his leprosy."
Therefore, my Lord, to Israel let us haste,
That we may find this health-restoring man.

NAAMAN.

NAAMAN.

Hope springs within my breast. More than fancy
 Must these thronging divine sensations be,
 Which now run thro' my soul.—Methinks I see
 The holy man, clad in his sacred vest,
 His God invoking for my urgent need.
 But thou shalt go unto my Lord the King,
 And there acquaint him of mine utmost wish.
 Pray him that I, as doth his friend become,
 Unto Samaria speedily may be sent,
 Ease from this heavy load of rank disease
 To gain.

SERVANT.

I run to do my Master's will :
 May peace for ever rest upon his head. *Erit.*

NAAMAN.

O Israel's God, if thou Compassion art,
 As Jacob's sons would teach me to believe,
 Pour into this afflicted breast of mine
 That purest essence of a Deity,
 Health in her strongest mantles drest.—Then I
 Will fill the air with thankful praise to Thee,
 Who

Who gave me strength, when Syria's faithless
 gods
 Left me a prey to all the bitter pangs
 Of wasting sickness and sunk-ey'd despair.

Exit.



Changes to the King of Syria's Palace.

KING of SYRIA.

To see a friend in ord'nary distress,
 Would sorely touch the senses of a heart
 With common feelings fraught. But what is it
 To that, which I for noble Naaman feel;
 Who now, while I enjoy health in her bloom,
 Lies buried in a crust of leprosy.
 O could I now but add to his relief,
 Then would my mourning into joy be turn'd:
 Yet it is all in vain, for we have try'd
 The sagest couns'llors thro' our wide domain,
 Who with abstemious life and study deep,
 Have pry'd, far as the human mind can soar,
 Into the sacred and the healing art;
 And still their utmost skill has fail'd to heal
 Our faithful Naaman of his leprosy.

Ed W

Enter

Enter NAAMAN's SERVANT.

KING.

How fares our valiant cousin Naaman?

SERVANT.

My gracious Liege, I left my noble Master
Enwrap'd in all the extacy of hope;
A dawn of happiness has op'd to his view,
And smiling health casts now a cheering look
Upon his long-benighted soul.

KING.

Tell me,
From whence this heav'nly cloud arises:
Can there be found in our extended realm
Some healing plant, whose mellow juice can
 cleanse
The leprous blood which runs thro' ev'ry pore
Of our afflicted friend; or is there found
A crystal spring, impregn'd with min'ral pow'r,
Whose taste salubrious can health enforce,
From sickness, hollow eye, and pallid cheek.

B

SERVANT.

SERVANT.

No, gracious Lord ; such healing antidotes
 In Syria's pow'rful realm cannot be found :
 But a young damsel, whom thy warlike bands,
 From an excursion into Israel's land,
 Brought captive to Lord Naaman's house, elate
 With all the joy of perfect confidence,
 Declares, that in Samaria, where now
 Thy friend, the King of Israel, keeps his court,
 There dwells a man, who, if our Lord were
 there,
 Would fully heal him of his long disease.
 Then Naaman sent me to his gracious King,
 Praying he to Samaria might be sent,
 Attended as becomes the vet'ran chief,
 And bosom friend of such a potent Prince.

KING.

Yea, with all speed he shall to Israel's court
 Attended go, in splendor like a Prince :
 The camels hardy backs shall bend beneath
 The ponderous load of costly presents :

And

And I a letter, full of moving words,
 Will write to Israel's King, that he may help
 Thy noble Master to the blessing—Health :
 And while your anxious train, on wings of hope,
 Shall rapid glide along th' extended plain,
 Or scale the rugged mountain's top, hast'ning
 With the swift feet of full-fraught expectation,
 Till you find the long-wish'd-for Samaria ;
 Then I, with holy pray'r, will move the gods
 To look propitious on my faithful friend ;
 That when again we meet, he may enfold
 Me in his arms, braced with smiling health.

Exit.

B 2

PART II.



The King of Israel's Palace.

The KING of ISRAEL,

*(With the King of Syria's Letter in his Hand, renting
his Cloaths, in a Room with his Courtiers, saying,)*

Am I a God, to kill or make alive,
That this man, with a letter, sends to me
One of a leprosy, as white as snow,
Praying that I would cause to flow, blood of
A milder nature in his veins. Can I,
Instead of that rank hide which now he wears,
Give him a skin of texture soft as down;
Or can I cause the blushing rose of health
To bloom on his emaciated cheeks:
Rather my friends, consider how he seeks,
By this device, to break the peace with us;
That with the all-destroying arm of war,
He may our strongest cities lay in waste,
And bear our wealth t' enrich the Syrian realm.

FIRST

FIRST COURTIER.

Let not our gracious Sov'reign thus construe
 Th' embassy which the King of Syria sends;
 Perhaps th' swift clarion of fame has spread
 To Syria's Court the pow'rful miracles
 Which that great man of God, Elisha, does;
 And now, with all these costly presents, sends
 Her favourite, though sore afflicted Prince,
 To find the health, the life-restoring man.
 And now would fancy picture to my mind,
 A humble messenger at Syria's Court,
 Clad in the simple, yet fair garb of truth,
 Telling, with artless tale, Elisha's pow'r,
 Which he from God derives, to heal the sick,
 And from the ruthless hand of ghastly death
 Even the dead to raise.—Then think, my
 Liege,
 The soul-reviving extacy of bliss,
 Which must have gladden'd this afflicted Prince,
 At the least sound which spake to him of
 health :

The pleasing dream would almost give new life,
 And fancied vigour teach his sickly frame,
 A moment to believe his troubles fled ;
 But ah, too soon, the anguish of his pain
 Would stagger his new faith, and black despair
 Seize with redoubled force his wretched breast.
 Yet see he comes, 'midst these distracting
 doubts ;
 And shall he hopeless from our gates be spurn'd :
 Ah, no ; but send one to Elisha's house,
 And sure as he from Syria wretched came,
 He shall, speeded with the pure breath of
 health,
 So sure with joy and crown'd with peace return.

KING.

How ill this weak, effem'nate speech becomes
 That brow, now with the silver tresses crown'd
 Of good old age, spent in the public weal :
 I thought thee better skill'd in the intrigues
 And subtle policy of Courts, than thus,
 With tame submission of cred'lous fancy,
 To stoop a dupe to Syria's deep-laid schemes ;
 Which

Which if they took effect would lay our realm
 With open bosom to the direful stab
 Of war's dread carnage. Yet t' avoid these ills,
 If Elisha's pow'r will accomplish it,
 Go thou with speed unto the Prophet's house,
[To a Messenger in waiting.]
 And bring the ven'able sage before us.

[Exit. Messenger.]

Now you, my friends, let me have your advice;
 What think ye can this strange embassy mean
 Which Syria sends?

SECOND COURTIER.

I think no good, my Liege:
 For I am not much giv'n to lend my ears
 To pay weak tribute to the marvellous;
 Or if I had, how could such vain ideas
 Have pass'd across my thoughts, as to believe
 The subtle King of Syria would have sent,
 Merely upon the breath of vague report,
 The most consummate of his Generals,
 On such weak and preposterous errand,
 As that of asking health of you, my Lord:

No,

No, 'tis some deep-laid scheme, by which
they strive

To gain some plausible pretence, to light
The flaming torch of war within our coasts.

My advice then is, most gracious King,
That we in hold detain this band of spies;
And with a pow'rful force of chosen troops,
Enter the Syrian realm before they gain
Notice of our intentions.

KING.

This I like :

What think you, my Lord ?

THIRD COURTIER.

I think, my Sov'reign,
At present we had best awhile suspend
Our judgment, till the messenger arrive,
Now to Elisha gone.—But see, he comes !

Enter MESSENGER.

KING.

What says the rev'rend Sage to our request,
Concerning Syria's artful embassy.

MES-

MESSENGER.

My gracious Lord, the Prophet, in his zeal,
With seeming indignation, thus brake forth :
“ Why did thy Master rend in twain his cloaths ?
Or why did he not send the man to me,
That he might know there is a Prophet dwells
In Israel, by whom the Lord, e’en the dead
Can from their slumbers raise.”

KING.

It is enough :
Let him be straight conducted to the Seer ;
That he may heal, by that all-pow’rful voice,
(The voice of God) this lordly Syrian
Of his leprosy.

Exit.

PART III.

VIEW in the STREET.

NAAMAN before ELISHA's Door, with his
Horses and Chariots.

Enter ELISHA's SERVANT.

SERVANT to NAAMAN.

Naaman, thus says the Prophet of the Lord,
“Go wash thee seven times in Jordan's flood,
Which then shall purge away thy filthy stains,
And give to thee a clean and healthy skin.”

Exit.

NAAMAN.

O Gods! and must I bear this gross affront;
In Jordan wash! Thou flatt'ring hypocrite,
Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers
Whose limpid streams through fair Damascus
flow,
Like crystal founts, to Israel's muddy streams;
Yet he commands me not to wash in them,
That my whole nature may be innocent

But

But O, behold ! surely I thought the man
 Would have come down, and homage paid to
 me,
 Laying his hand upon th' afflicted place,
 And with a fervent pray'r invok'd his God
 To heal the leprosy.—But, lo ! nothing
 But mock'ry in Samaria I've receiv'd :
 Therefore to Syria let us straight return,
 And with contempt retire from their land.

NAAMAN'S SERVANT.

My noble Father, be not so displeas'd ;
 For if the Prophet had some mighty thing,
 Almost impossible, to thee propos'd,
 Whereby thou might the blessing, Health,
 have gain'd,
 Would not my Lord the means have gladly
 try'd :
 Then ought not joy to fill his noble breast,
 When thus the Prophet plainly deals with him,
 Yet with a spirit of true prophecy,
 Saying, " Wash, and be clean." For I am told,
 Israel,

Israel, when the fulness of time shall come,
 Look for a *Saviour*, from whose bleeding side
 A Fount shall flow, whose heav'nly influence,
 If they believe, will cleanse them from their
 sins.
 Then may not my Lord's cure an emblem be,
 Which simply is "To wash," of that great
 good,
 Which, in due time, shall flow for sinful man.

NAAMAN.

Thy speech would fain gain credence in my
 breast,
 And like a tempest hurry me to Jordan's flood;
 While Reason opposite would fain persuade,
 'Tis all a chimera for me to think
 Such simple elements have pow'r to purge
 The leprous blood, which now runs through
 my veins;
 Yet I will go, that I the thing may prove:
 Nature, they say, is simple in her ways,
 While Reason errs.—Servants, to Jordan lead.

Exit.

ELISHA's HOUSE.

NAAMAN to the Prophet ELISHA,

*After having washed Seven Times in the River Jordan,
and received the promised Cure.*

NAAMAN.

O Prophet of the Highest, I have been,
And dipt me seven times in Jordan's streams ;
And now, behold ! to my unbounded joy,
My skin is made clean as a little child.
Now truly I do know no other God
Dwells in the earth, save He whom Israel,
As his peculiar fav'rites, with Prophets
And with Patriarchs, deigns their land to bless.
I therefore pray thee of thy servant take
A blessing, such as he with him has brought,
Changes of raiment, with silver and gold.

ELISHA.

As the Lord liveth before whom I stand,
For this his mighty love on thee bestow'd,
Nothing will I receive.

C

NAAMAN.

NAAMAN.

Then let there now be to thy servant giv'n,
Two mules burden of Israel's hallow'd earth,
Such as with most acceptance will ascend
On sacrificial fire to heaven's God.
For now no more thy servant sacrifice
Or burnt-off'rings will on the altar raise,
With superstitious awe, to stocks and stones;
But, with true adoration, offer up
His sacrifice with humbleness to God.
In this pardon thy servant, Lord, that when
My Master to the house of Rimmon goes,
That he may worship to the idol pay;
If I, when the King leaneth on my hand,
Bow myself down in that detested place:
For if in Rimmon's house my knees I bend,
My heart shall bow unto the Lord of hosts.

ELISHA.

Return, O Naaman, to thine house in peace,
And may the Lord for ever bless thy ways.

Exit.

Enter GEHAZI, Elisha's Servant.

GEHAZI.

Behold, my Master hath this Syrian spar'd,
And hath no presents at his hands receiv'd ;
But I will go, and in my Master's name,
Receive that from his hands, which careful us'd,
Will help me, when, thro' age, I cannot toil,
In ease and affluence to live.

Exit.

PART IV.



NAAMAN,

In his Chariot, on his return to Syria,

SINGING.

Ye craggy hills, ye verdant plains,
My notes responsive sound on high ;
For God a tender father reigns,
Enthron'd in yon ethereal sky.

His royal robes are spotless love,
And mercy crowns his sacred brow ;
Yet not confin'd to realms above,
They shine thro' all the world below.

For me, an outcast Heathen born,
His tender bowels yearn'd to see ;
Amidst his works to lie forlorn,
Clothed in filth and leprosy.

Naaman

*Naaman looks back from his Chariot and sees
- Gehazi running towards him.*

Methinks yon must Elisha's servant be,
That with such speed towards us bends his way.
But I will get me from the chariot,
And go meet the man.

Enter GEHAZI.

NAAMAN.

Is thy Master well?
Or hath some ill, which his prescience
Did not foresee, befallen the good man.

GEHAZI.

My Lord, my Master hath no ill receiv'd,
But me hath sent to thee, saying, " Behold,
Just as thy chariot-wheels had left my door,
There came unto mine house, from Ephraim's
Mount,
In not the best of cloathing, two young men,
Sons of the Prophets in that sacred place ;

For whom, I pray thee, by my servant send
 Two changes of raiment to cover them,
 With one talent of silver, to defray
 Their expences unto their journey's end."

NAAMAN.

Happy am I, thy Master is so well ;
 And it adds not a little to my joy,
 Thus I my love can to thee good man shew :
 I therefore pray thee be content, and take,
 Instead of one, two talents of silver,
 Which with the garments I will bind thee up
 In these two bags, and my two servants shall
 Before thee bear them to Elisha's house.

Exit.

GEHAZI,

*After having sent back Naaman's Servants,
 rejoicing over his ill-gotten wealth.*

Now will I open these two precious bags,
 That I may feast my eyes with the great wealth
 Which I so eas'ly from the Syrian gain'd :

I should.

I should have been a fool of greatest sort,
 If, like my Master, I had let the man return'd
 Without receiving something at his hands :
 But I will look.—O what a precious heap ;
 Such quantities I never saw before ;
 And it is all my own.—O happiness !
 Ne'er more shall discontent my bosom pierce ;
 For if my austere Master should discard
 Me from his service, this great wealth will keep
 Me from the frowns of nipping poverty :
 But for the present I will put it by,
 That I before my Master may appear,
 With all the looks of sweet-fac'd innocence.
 Yet I must haste, lest he may think me long.

Exit.

GEHAZI appeareth before ELISHA.

ELISHA.

From whence comest thou, Gehazi ?

GEHAZI.

In truth,

Master, thy servant hath no whither been.

ELISHA.

ELISHA.

Wilt thou, to all thy other sins, add lies ;
 Thou hypocrite ; went not my heart with thee,
 When the man turned from his chariot,
 And ask'd if I was well.—Is this a time
 For us to lay up money, with garments ;
 Or to monopolize unto our ease
 Olive and vineyards, with sheep and oxen,
 And all the stir of men and maid servants :
 For this thy sin, Naaman's rank leprosy
 Shall cleave to thee, and to thy progeny
 For ever.

Exit Elisha.

GEHAZI,

After a long Pause.

O Av'rice ! into what an awful gulph
 Of never-ending woe, hast thou plung'd me.
 " His leprosy shall cleave to thee, and thine
 " For ever."—O, that most dreadful sentence
 Still quivers thro' my veins.—I ne'er can hope :
 See,

See, they prodigious rise !—My sins ! my sins !
 O horror.—Ye high-topt mountains hide me :
 They refuse ! and still my sins accumulate.
 Methinks I see the God of earth and sky,
 Saying to all the world, “ Behold the man,
 “ Whose soul ingrate would rob me of my due ;
 “ And lay excise upon my miracles !”
 O could the hoary-headed miser feel,
 When busy telling o’er his mothy gold,
 A particle of that deep misery,
 Which now my body, and my conscience rend.
 How would he start, as one awak’d from death,
 And with a bounteous hand the poor relieve,
 That he might treasures copious gain in heav’n.
 Hear, then, ye earth-worms : O be warn’d by
 me,
 Who now must ever writhe in deep despair ;
 And shun my sins, lest you my fate should
 share !

End of the Drama.

TO HEALTH.



SWEET smiling Health, with rosy cheek,
O plant thy throne within my breast ;
There let thy graces, ever meek,
Eternal fix their placid rest.

Give me thy daughter, fair Content,
To chafe the rank'ling worm dull Care ;
And let the nymph firm Hope be sent,
To slay the haggard fiend Despair.

Too, let these be my Laura's lot ;
I envy not the great man's pow'r ;
Thus bless'd in peace within my cot,
New joys shall crown each coming hour.

P R A I S E.



PSALM CL.

PRAISE GOD, ye nations of the earth,
And fill his courts with awful mirth ;
With rev'rence sing his mighty pow'r,
The greatness of your God adore.

Let the shrill trumpet speak his praise,
And to the harp your voices raise ;
While with the pealing organ high,
You raise your anthems to the sky.

With cymbals loud your homage pay,
At op'ning and the close of day ;
May ev'ry thing which breath comprise,
To God its noblest praises rise.

DOXOLOGY.

YE flaming Seraphs touch my tongue,
With pure celestial love ;
Messiah Christ shall be my song,
While here on earth I move.

Then rapt'rous fire of holy praise,
Run through this mortal frame ;
Still higher notes majestic raise,
To Jesu's conqu'ring name !

